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EAST AND WEST SERIES

No. 168 September 1971

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THE DIVINE FLUTE-PLAYER

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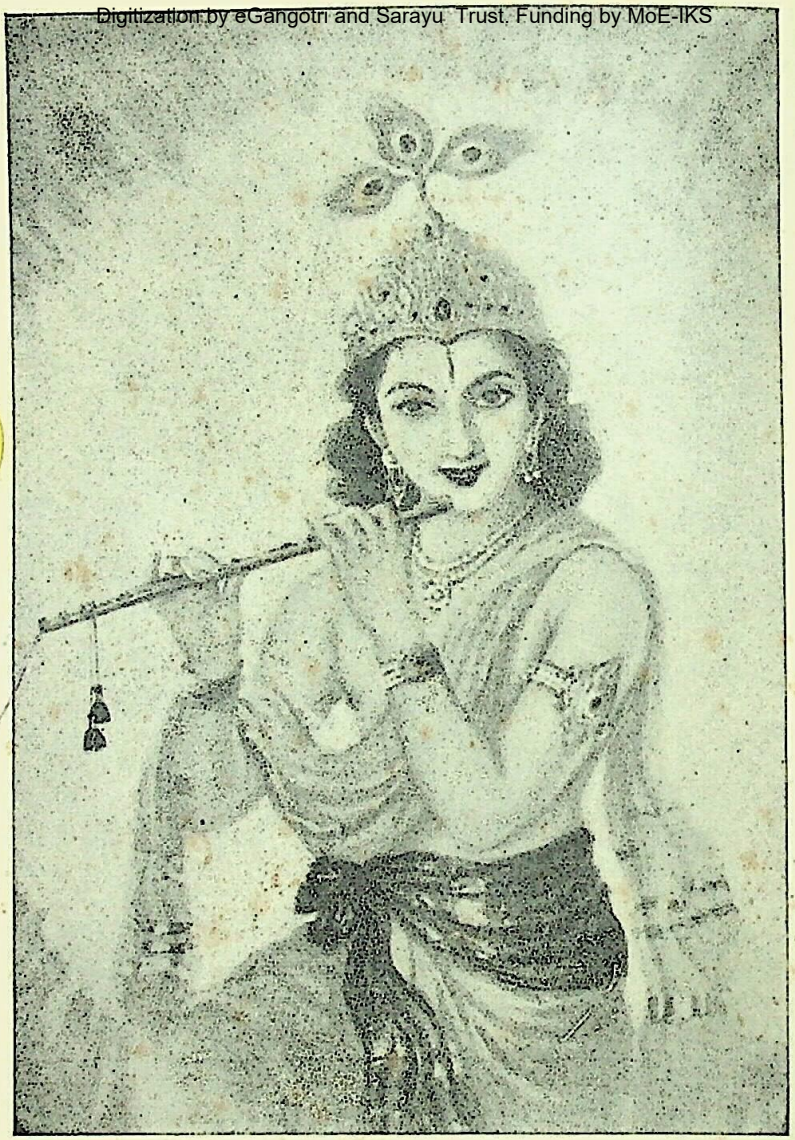

SRI KRISHNA :
THE DIVINE SINGER

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EAST AND WEST SERIES

[Monthly]

An Interpreter of the Life of the Spirit

THE DIVINE FLUTE-PLAYER

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MESSAGES AND BLESSINGS

The writings of T. L. Vaswani mean more to me than I can say. His words linger in my heart and bring tears to my eyes. He was truly a selfless person, a lover of humanity. He spoke of the value of human life. May we join together and strive to use every moment of it in service to the Beloved.

David G. Price
Virginia (U.S.A.)

Beloved Dada's teachings and philosophy are not for a particular person or sect, but are meant for the entire world, because he saw the whole world in himself and himself in the whole world. May our Beloved Dadaji and Bhagavan Shri Ramana bless us all from their disembodied existence and lead us to the final goal.

P. M. N. Swamy
Editor, "The Call Divine," Bombay

A few days ago I received *The Little Way*. I have read it twice so far, and I like it very much.

That goes for the *Awakeners of Humanity*, and the other numbers of the *East and West Series*. The first time I read them, I like them, the second time I like them better, and the third time I like them still more.

(*Mrs.*) *Marie A. All*
Maine, U. S. A.

Your journal is a source of divine joy, jubilation and inspiration.

J. M. Sethi
New Delhi

Printed by P. H. Ramchandani at Lokasangraha Press, 1786, Sadashiv Peth, Poona–30 and published by him from Gita Publishing House, 10, Sadhu Vaswani Path, Poona–1.

Editor : J. P. VASWANI

This issue : 50 P. or 1 s. or 20 cents.

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FOREWORD

The Janmashtami Day is the greatest day in Hindu history. That day bore witness to a world-event. Sri Krishna is a world-figure, not merely a "national" or "Hindu" hero. Sri Krishna is the Beloved of India.

We read of Krishna in the *Mahabharata*, the *Harivansa* and the *Puranas*. Through these fifty centuries and more, the historicity of Krishna has clung to the race-memory of Hindustan. Sri Krishna appeared at a cyclic moment. He opened a new age. And centuries have but added to, not taken away from, the marvel of his life and the beauty of his message. The Krishna of history is become the Vasudeva of faith. Sri Krishna is an immortal of history. The Blessed Name has gone into many scriptures and many songs. And the fragrance of his Wisdom fills the *Mahabharata* and the *Puranas*, the Vaishnava literature and the poetry of Surdas.

His message, the Wisdom of the Gita, was given on the Indian soil but not for India alone. Sri Krishna is for all,—all races, all religions. The Gita is a Scripture of Humanity.

In the Gita Sri Krishna says to Arjuna:—"Awake! Arise! And act! Seek thou not repose, O Arjuna! But stand up and act! For the world is one of toil and pain. Wander not amid the vanities of the world. But come unto Me! Cling to Me! Take refuge in Me! Be not, through desire, a disciple of the world! But he thou

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My child! Strip thyself of self! Then dive within and bring up from the depths the Pearl of great price,—the Soul enveloped, alas! by many veils."

In these few, simple words is the heart of the message of the Lord. To Arjuna, despondent and struggling for the Light, the Master gave the message which still speaks its word of strength, in the intellectual climate of today, to many in many lands:—"Give up, not the world, but worldliness!"

The Gita's message is one of *life*. Live in the world, not for the lower self of passion, pride and power, not for the ego, but for the *Atman*. Work as an instrument of the Will Divine. Be in the world to build the "Kingdom of God." Krishna, himself, did not retire to a jungle when the conflict between Kauravas and Pandavas was keen. He was as an humble servant in Arjuna's chariot in the very midst of the two armies.

Sri Krishna said in a talk in an assembly :—"The name most dear to me is *Dina-bandhu*, friend of the poor, servant of the suffering ones." The *yoga* of the Gita asks us to respect the poor and give to all who suffer the service of love! We live in *kali-yuga*,—an age of re-barbarisation and belief in brute force, an age of wars and violence, an age of materialism and darkness. But every winter changeth to spring. And there is a dream in mine eyes that a new *satya-yuga* is coming! And they are the true devotees of the Lord who work for the new *satya-yuga* holding high the Flag of the Gita and giving to man and bird and beast the service of love!

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THE KING OF KINGS

He comes, he comes,—the King of kings:
He comes in darkness of the night:
He comes with morning beauty-bright:
He comes and star above star sings!

In North and South, in East and West
A radiance spreads, a joy, a light,
A ray from th' Pure Eternal Height,—
His Home, the goal of pilgrim's quest!

I see the King of kings at play
With blest Yasodâ: she doth look
And laugh upon the Child in a nook
As he a word or two doth say.

The sages bow to him: yet he
To simple gopis sings on flute,
And takes from them their flow'rs and fruit,
And joins them in their laugh and glee!

I see him give to them his love,
And yet the pure do feel his lure,
And call him purest of the pure,—
Thrice holy, stainless as the dove.

I see him bless the castaway,
The poor, the lowly and the lost:
I see him bless each creed and caste:
He lisps of love's Eternal Way!

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I see the holy rishis sit
In silence at his blessed feet,
Adoring silence,—his pure seat:
His Face with Wisdom still is lit!

I see thee, thou the Ancient One,
With youth eternal art thou crown'd!
Come thou, again: the world is drown'd
In greed and lust of blood and gun!

The earth and sun and moon and stars
Are thine, strung as are pearls in string.
Then come to claim thine own, O King,
And break Thy earthly children's bars!

Descend again the way to dust,
And clothed in beauty as of yore,
Sing thou again the Ancient lore,
And teach us in thy Love to trust!

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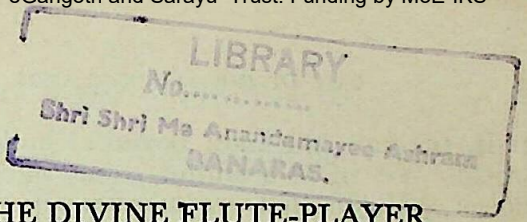

THE DIVINE FLUTE-PLAYER

What has Krishna meant for me, you do not know, you never, perhaps, may know!

5,000 years ago, he came in Aryavarta. Yet there are other eyes than the physical: with these we still may see the Lord,—may see and love the Lord of Love.

He came with the matchless music of the Flute. He came with wonderful love in his heart. And even as he went from place to place, from hamlet to hamlet, playing upon that wonderful flute, the mystic *murli*, he ravished the hearts of men and women. The rich did not realise his greatness: the pride of pomp and power could not see the beauty of his life. But the poor and simple, shepherds and milkmaids loved him and felt the fascination of his life. They loved to listen to his flute. And still some memory of the ancient *murli* haunts Hindustan. Many of the "educated" know little of the Lord: but in small towns and villages are still found people who sing of the Master and his sacred flute. Some echoes of the mystic *murli* have come to us ringing down the ages.

Who was this Krishna who hypnotised Hindustan? Judged by all accounts, he was wonderfully beautiful. *Shyama Sundara*,—he has been called in the scriptures. *Shyama* means dark, *sundara* means beautiful. The dark-beautiful one. His was no beauty of colour. He brought with him a higher beauty, the beauty of Eternal Spring.

I have seen the Taj: it is wonderfully beautiful.

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It is, perhaps, the most beautiful building in the world. Yet more beautiful, to my mind, is a little flower. Huxley tells us how, on one occasion, as he was touring in the Highland, he asked a peasant to look through a microscope at some wild flowers growing at his feet. The peasant looked and was wonderstruck at the vision of beauty. "I trampled on so many flowers every day," he said; "I did not know they were so beautiful."

A flower, I repeat, is more beautiful than a beautiful building. Yet more beautiful even than a flower is the sunset. The spendour of the sunset is simply wonderful: and if, in the evening, you come out a few minutes, as I often do, to behold the beauty of the sunset on the hills, you will feel [illegible] and uplifted.

The beauty of the sunset is more beautiful than the beauty of the flower. But infinitely more beautiful still was Child-Krishna. So when they saw him, they felt drawn to him. And many are the stories told us in the books of the bewitching beauty of the Blessed One, and of the spell he laid upon men and women when he played upon the flute. Krishna was a joy-bringer to many. He came to India in a period of political anarchy, and he pealed the mighty message of Love.

Today, the world's unrest is deepening. Forces of chaos are at work. I ask all to meditate on Krishna's message of love and harmony. I ask all to send out thoughts of love to all,—to all communities, to all races, to all religions. Let us pray a prayer for world-harmony. Never before was the world's need so piteous. India suffers from discord and strife. The nations of the West are

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smitten with hate. If we would be true disciples of the Lord, let us send out love to all.

A German student of science, Reichenbach, sometime ago, announced a beautiful theory. According to it, every material object shines: cotton, wool, iron, everything emits light. Even the stones are luminous! I wished the theory were established as true: for I love to think that we live in a world of "shining matter." Everything emits light! But what of us? We, also, have a light. But it is imprisoned,—the light of love. We, also, carry with us a glory, a splendour, but it is shut-in,—not set free. Let us set free the imprisoned light within us!

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THE MYSTIC FLUTE

I hear it, I hear it, thy flute, O Lord,
In the winds that blow over desert sands,
In the murmur of the stream and the surge of the sea,
In the sound of the song-bird and the prophet's speech,

In the thunder-clap and the storm and the rain,
In life's sad music and the nation's wild unrest,—
I hear it, the sound of the flute, it never can die,
As the sun of thy Love never, never can sink!

The call of the flute hath rung through the ages:
And again to the nations in the dawn of a great new age
Cometh the call of the flute and thy song;
Will ye awake in love and follow the flute?

Or will ye wander still in strifes for power and pelf?
Lo! the Master of the mystic flute is passing!
Lo! the Lover of the Gopis is singing on!
Lo! the King of beauty, Eternal Krishna calleth you!

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CALL TO THE NATIONS

It was an epoch-making event in India's life when Sri Krishna was born, over five thousand years ago. And India's life was then, as it is not today, the key to the life of the nations. India, then, led civilisation.

Sri Krishna longed that Aryan India should continue to be a model nation. And Sri Krishna endeavoured to avert the Kurukshetra War. But the War was in the Plan of Evolution : the War was inevitable : the War could not be averted.

In the Kurukshetra War, brother fought against brother. It was a war between two great families. Each family had *kshatryas*, warriors of valour and renown : and in the War, *kshatrya* stood against *kshatrya*. The *kshatrya*-community destroyed itself : and India fell! India has not arisen since. India has suffered through centuries from stripes of subjection, since the ending of the Kurukshetra War.

Sri Krishna came to unseal India's destiny, and he gave utterance to the greatest scripture in the world's history.

He started life humble. Out in the open he lived : he tilled the field : he tended the cows : and his heart was open to the strange, mystic voices of Nature, and the inner Realm of the Spirit. At last came through him the great revelation of wisdom enshrined in the *Bhagavad Gitā* and the *Bhāgavat Purāna*. This cowherd became a Seer, a Prophet, a Teacher : and they who heard him said never man spake as this man!

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And he was a singer, too. He played upon the flute and ravished the hearts of all who heard him. This Flute-player was the great Way-shower: he showed the Way to multitudes. His Way was a blend of *karma* (action), *gnana* (wisdom) and *bhakti* (love). He taught how to serve, and through service grow in wisdom, and blend service with love.

The secret of his insight and his power upon the multitudes was his realisation. He saw the One Universal Life, Vasudeva, flowing into all men, all birds and beasts, all forms of manifestation. In the stars in their courses, as in the birds in their flight, he saw the One Universal Life, the *Atman*!

Seeing the One in all, he saw that Love was the mightiest force in life,—the constructive, upbuilding power of growth or evolution. He radiated love : his life was a moving picture of love. The world, alas! does not yet see the truth of the Law of Love. The world still believes in strife and fighting and war. And the world is losing millions in pursuing the way of strife and fear and hatred.

Sri Krishna's way is the way of sympathy, co-operation, love. The Kauravas listened not to him : and the modern world, dominated by desires and self-seeking, listens not to him. Yet in his Way is still the hope of the world, and nations will not be truly free, until they rise above all cults of exclusiveness to a vision of sympathy, co-operation, love, as the hope of this dark and lonesome world. The world needs leaders filled with the Krishna-spirit.

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MY KRISHNA

I love him, for he loves the simple folk!
He lives with them to help them as a friend:
Each day, he moves out finding things to mend:
And burns in homes the light without a smoke!
I love him, for he hears me when I pray:
I love him, for he loves them in the streets,
And greets the broken, lowly ones he meets:
I love him, for he serves the poor, each day!

The feeble ones, the cripple and the blind,
The poor ones who in tattered clothes do sit,
The sick and weary ones in narrow pit
Are just the ones my Krishna loves to find!

I know whene'er I felt my heart was weak,
He came in humble guise to bless and heal!
And when my weary troubled soul doth reel,
I know he comes to give the gift I seek!
His name is Love : his mercies e'er endure!
I see him 'mid the beggars and the blind:
He comes to serve them and their wounds to bind:
And he is ever true: his word is sure!

O, hide him not in creeds and gorgeous rites!
Where tillers till the soil in vale or hill,
He toils by them, when days are dark and still:
He weeps with them in gloomy winter nights!
O, ye who labour at the loom and sod,
And carry burdens or who tend the flock !
Behold your Krishna comes and fain would lock
You up in one embrace of Love-in-God!

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"ARJUNA! AWAKE!"

A fascinating study this,—the personality of Sri Krishna. There is the Child-Krishna stealing butter and playing with the *gopis* (milk-maids). There is Krishna the Cowherd, tending the cattle with loving care. There is Krishna the Statesman, interpreting the will of the people in the dark days which go before India's Great War. There is Krishna the King showing how every king who would be worthy of the name should rule as a servant of his nation. There is Krishna the Teacher of Wisdom, Krishna the Philosopher. Every one of these aspects of the Great Life offers much to think upon : let me here speak of Krishna the Leader.

You speak of "leaders." And many people, I am afraid, judge of men by appearances. A man talks to you in fine words : you cheer him : you call him a "leader"! You forget that a leader will not always speak pleasant things. A leader is not a demagogue. A leader, in Sanskrit, is called *marga darshaka*, the path-pointer : he must show the right path. You may cheer him or censure him : he must do his *dharma* : he must speak the truth : he must tell you of the things which you may not like but which he knows are for your good. Not always is he popular : not always do the people understand him. The path of service is not the path of popularity. The leader of men is a servant of the Ideal.

And every leader worthy of the name has a

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message for his people : to that message he is loyal. He is not an opportunist, not a popularity-hunter, not an echo of current prejudices. "Awake, and stand up, O son of Kunti!" In these words does Krishna the Leader declare his message to us, sons and daughters of modern India. "Awake!" What is wrong with India? I have heard many say :—"O, a difficult task this, to make India mighty again. Wait! Wait! You must not be impatient." How long, I ask, are you going to wait? How long? An eminent sociologist has pointed out that a generation is enough for a nation to be transformed. Thirty years only! A nation can be great in thirty years.

What is wrong with India? We have not yet awakened! Sometimes we open our eyes but only to close them again! Therefore does Krishna the Leader say :—Awake! Awake and see the sad condition of your homes! See the apalling poverty of the masses! See that India, once the world's leader, is the poorest country today! See the divisions and sub-divisions which make the country weak, when unity can make India invincible.

"Awake and stand up, O son of Kunti!" "Stand up,"—for what? To do violence? No! Never a greater delusion than this which some young men have, that violence will be effective. The end of physical force is impotence. Stand up, not to do violence, but to use your moral force. Stand up to worship Bharata, to worship Humanity. Serve India and Humanity by standing up for Truth and Right.

A young man tells me :—"Many are not ready

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for this : I am alone : what can I do?" I refuse to believe that you are alone. Did you read that story in the Buddhist books? Buddha is out on his mission to the people. Mārā, the evil spirit, becomes afraid. If the teaching of Buddha spreads, Mārā's kingdom will crumble. Mārā moves out to meet Buddha on the way and overawes him with numbers. Lakhs of warriors stand by Mārā's side : Buddha is alone! Mārā points with pride to his millions and says to the Buddha :—"These millions bear witness to me. Where are your witnesses?" And Buddha the Wise lifts his finger up, then brings it down and says :—"Yes,—the Heavens above, and the Earth below,—they bear witness to me!"

Yes,—the Heavens above and the Earth below,—they bear witness to every servant of Truth and Right : they co-operate with him in his struggle to make men free. Say not, then, you are alone! The great forces of the universe are waiting to co-operate with you. Only awake! Only stand up, O son of Kunti! Your hands are his hands, your soul a fragment of the great World-soul, your strength his strength. And there can be no failure or defeat for him who stands up under the leadership of Sri Krishna.

—From an Address.

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THE FACE OF LOVE

O tell me, tell me, gopis pure!
What glory you in Gokul saw?
"The Face of Love without a flaw:
The Face,—the fairest of the fair!"

O tell me, tell me, ye who weep
For him in longing and in love:
What did he do to lift above
Your hearts, awaking them from sleep?

"In silence and in wonder mute
We sat and drank in, sound by sound,
Of his pure holy Song around
Us, as he played upon the flute."

O tell me, tell me, Lord of Light!
What draws thee to this dark abode?
And who the way to suffering showed
To thee whose Face is ever bright?

From sun and moon and stars above,
From temple and from church and fane,
And thro' each roaring street and lane,
The answer came:—"Eternal Love!"

Today, too, Krishna! as of yore
Thou comest not in pomp and might:
Thou comest gently shrined in light,
To bless the world from more to more!

In silence thou dost come, my King:
The poor, the weary and the weak
Alone adore thy Name and seek
Thy way and yearn to hear thee sing!

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KINDLE THE LIGHT!

It seems to me that we in this country are forgetting Sri Krishna and his message. The youths of today pay homage to other gods.

Many years ago, a great German scholar kindly came to see me at Karachi. His name is Prof. Rudolf Otto. We sat together discussing Hindu thought and culture. Time travelled fast. The evening hour came for divine service. I asked for leave to attend worship. "Let us meet again after worship," he said. And then he added :— "You go to worship in your sanctuary : I shall worship here." How? He took out from his pocket a small book,—Goethe's *Faust*. He said :— "I carry it everywhere. I shall read from this book till you come back." And I said to myself :—How many in India have for the Gita the love this German has for Goethe?

Sri Krishna, as I said, is a *shakti* in history. His message has captured many a Muslim heart. I think of Byli Khān, a Muslim general of Chaitanya's days. He became a devotee of Sri Krishna. I think of Tāj, the Muslim Mirā. I think of Krishna Dās : he was a Muslim by birth, but became a devotee of Krishna, and changed his name, and composed wonderful songs in praise of the Master.

Krishna's philosophy of life is enshrined in the Gita,—the world's greatest single philosophical poem. Some regard the Gita as a scripture of the *karma mārga*, some again interpret it to be a scripture of the *gnāna mārga*. To me the Gita is

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a scripture of *shakti*. *Karma*, *bhakti*, and *gnāna* belong to *shakti*.

One note of the Gita's Gospel of *shakti* is sounded in the *mantra*, the *mahā mantra* :—"*Uttishta! Parantapa!*" "Stand Up, O Arjuna!" Not quietism but activism is taught by the Gita. Work! Work! Work is the door to God-vision. The very opening word of the Gita is *dharma-kshetre*. Yes,—life is a *kshetra*, a field of *dharma*,—a battlefield. The call of the flute is a call to the battlefield! Soldiers of the Spirit, you must conquer yourselves,—your inner discord, your inner contradictions. You must conquer your environment, its conflict with the Ideal. Life would lose its vigour if it were a quest for pleasure. Life is conquest. To live is to fight,—for the Ideal.

History is a battlefield of ideas. For which idea will you fight? Hedonistic or spiritual? The hedonistic idea pursues pleasure. The spiritual is the vital. Serve the spiritual in your own sphere. The message of the Gita is a dynamic message,—a message of heroic spirituality. Abstraction from life is not *dharma*. Sri Krishna showed profound insight into the deeper meaning and values of life when, on the Kurukshetra, he said unto Arjuna :—"Stand up, O Parantapa!"

India has suffered since the day she confounded the life spiritual with creeds of negation and inaction. Sri Krishna taught a doctrine of conquest and creative life,—a doctrine of *shakti*. Life is a battlefield. And on this battlefield, our *dharma* is to resist the forces of degeneration and stand on the side of the forces of regeneration.

Is work enough? When I went to Europe,

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many years ago, I beheld tremendous activity. But what is the end of all this work? See how they fight one another! Scientists patronised by Governments sit in laborataries to prepare nuclear weapons. Not this the Gita's gospel of work. In another *mantra*, the Gita says :—"*Sarva dharmān parityaja māmekam saranam vraja!*" "Renounce thy cults and take refuge in Me!"

People are in anguish all over the world. Look, how they fight in the names of cults and creeds! "Come unto Me!" says Sri Krishna. Which I interpret to mean :—"Come unto Love!" For Sri Krishna was the very picture of Love! Work,—but charge it with love! In your actions, kindle the Light of Love! The world's piteous need, today, is the message of Love!

There is a pretty little story in the *Purānas*. One day, Sri Krishna leaves Brindāban. The *gopis* ask :—"Whither is gone the Lord? Whither? Where has he disappeared?" And Rādhā looks for him : he cometh not! Then Rādhā calls a *sakhi* (friend) and says to her :—"Maybe, the Lord is gone to Mathurā. Look for him there, and tell him :—Rādhā and other *gopis* wait for thy coming! When wilt thou return?" And the *sakhi*, sure enough, finds the Lord in Mathurā, and to her the Master says :—"Take this message from me to Rādhā and the other *gopis*. I fain would return but on this one condition,—kindle the light! Kindle the light in your homes!" And at this hour, when the world's chaos is deepening and civilisations are crumbling,—at this hour of the world's great agony, once again the Master's message cometh :—"Behold! I come quickly, if ye will but kindle the light,—the Light of Love!"

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STEAL THOU MY GARMENTS!

Blessed, thrice-blessed
Were Gokul and Brindāban,
And the simple, guileless gopis
Whose garments he stole in love!

Steal thou in thine mercy,
My garments tinted, tainted, soiled,
My gaudy garments of power and pride,
Steal them, O Lord of Love !

And ne'er give them back to me,
But tear them to the shreds :
Or burn them in the Sacred Flame
Of thy all-consuming Love!

And I shall at Thy lotus-feet
Stripped, self-emptied, naked, sit,
To see the naked Truth of Love, —
The Love that steals and sanctifies.

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THE AVATĀRA

Listen, ye children of the New Age that is being born in the tragedy and tears of these days! He came in the great crisis of India, five thousand years ago : will he not come again in the crisis of the modern world?

"I am born from age to age,"—he said to Arjuna. Again and again, he takes birth,—and always in a crisis. "Whenever there is decay of *dharma* (righteousness), O Arjuna! and there is exaltation of *adharma* (unrighteousness), then I project Myself!" There is his promise. Will he not keep his word?

Open your hearts that you may know! Open your consciousness to him in daily meditation that you may feel nearer to his divine radiance! Each day I visualise the radiance of his Light and feel it descending from the head to illuminate my heart and fill my consciousness. And each day I pray :—"Master! Thou Ever-Living One! Thou art in me and I am in thee. Light thou within my heart the flame of thy Love and thy Wisdom that I may dwell this day in the radiance of thy Face!"

An *avatāra* is Divine Energy descended on the physical plane to call us to the Divine Life and to receive as many as will hear the call into Divine Being. They enter no more the wheel of birth and death.

This Divine Energy is Spiritual Light.

An *avatara* has full power over all matter,—

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māyā,—which constitutes "forms" on this earth-plane. So Sri Krishna speaks of himself in the Gita as the "Lord of *māyā*." And he points out that all things are strung on him like pearls on a string :—"*Mayi sarvam idam protam sutre maniganā iva!*"

In the Gita, we read that the *avatāra* comes to dwell among men whenever there is a decline of righteousness and insurrection of vice in the world, and he comes for the purpose of protecting the seekers of Light and overthrowing dark forces and re-establishing the Divine Plan, the Law of Righteous Living (*dharma*). So we may understand that the *avatāra* comes to the earth-plane whenever things have reached a stage of disintegration and chaos so deep that the Divine Plan would be subverted, if continued for a long period.

When atoms are torn apart, there is liberated light. When nations and races reach the depths of moral chaos, there appears a redeeming force in the form of a spiritual Leader, a mighty Teacher, a Master, a Saviour of men. Such Great Ones have appeared at different times and in different races. Incas and Hiawatha appeared in less civilised races : Christ manifested himself through Jesus of Nazareth in Palestine : Krishna and Buddha appeared in India.

Young India riots in the consciousness that the modern era represents a period of ripening and maturity in our history. No! Not the 19th and 20th centuries A. D., but the ages initiated by Krishna and Buddha represent the ripening of the Indian soul. In these ages did the soul of India come to blossoming and flower.

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The days in which we live are days of chaos, disorganisation, loss of our great traditions, forgetfulness of the visions and ideals which made India great in the long ago. And the days of chaos are the days not of freedom, but of dictatorship. When, at the end of this cycle of chaos, an *avatāra* re-appears among men, a new dawn, indeed, will come and freedom will be reborn among the sons of men. The *avatāric* force is yet to re-appear upon the earth.

Who knows when the *avatāra* may come again? Who knows of the hour, the day, the month or the year? No blare of trumpets will herald his coming. He will come,—as came Krishna,—unknown, in the dark of the night. And he will, in due course, make his presence felt by those who are seekers of the Light. He will be known by his inner forces of light and love reflected in his life and his words.

In Krishna, as in Buddha and Jesus,—and I hold that in all the three appeared the *avatāric* force,—the word did not remain a word, but became a living, moving reality. In Krishna the Gita became incarnate as a redemptive power of life. Therefore did the Gita change Arjuna's life on the battlefield. Therefore has the Gita changed countless lives in the ages of India's history. Therefore has the Gita fascinated so many of the great minds of East and West. Emerson had a copy of the Gita always on his table. Carlyle was its devoted student and his "Gospel of Duty" is a Western re-wording of the Gita's message. Dr. Leuders of Germany refers to the Gita as "one of the richest and most beautiful blossoms in the

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many branched tree of Indian literature." Yet another and a greater German thinker, Dr. Humboldt, wrote :—"The Bhagavad Gita is the deepest and sublimest production that the world possesses. I read it with a permanent feeling of gratitude towards Fate that has let me live in order to study this work."

The Gita represents, to my mind, not merely the essence of Hinduism but, also, the heart and soul of religion and philosophy in their purest form. The Gita's message of *karma* and *dharma* has transformed wild men into gentle disciples : the Gita's philosophy of life has raised seekers of the Light to heights attained by supermen. The Gita's teaching of *yoga* has taken many to the depths of that new consciousness where thought is free from the clamour of desires, where the *yogi*, even if clothed in nothing but the ashes, enters into Peace and understands the emptiness and vanity of what the West is seeking in industry and politics, in money and power, in elections and on the battle-field.

When will the nations of East and West see the world of life in the spiritual light of the Gita? I know of no more beautiful work of literature in the world. And this Janmashtami Day, I bow down in reverence again to this Scripture for the New Age. And, as I read it, again and again, I feel so closely knit to the Lotus-Feet of the Lord, and I pray for the coming again of the *avatāra*. Master! Thou callest me : I follow Thee!

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"FOR ALL THE PATHS ARE MINE!"

"I go to meet men on the paths
They tread : for all the paths are mine!"
So saith he in the book divine.
Are not all paths as the Ganges' baths?

On every path there is a truth,
Which men may glimpse and so adore
The One Eternal who doth pour
On them that yearn perpetual youth!

So let me not be cold with pride,
Nor hot with hate and low desire!
But let me upward still aspire
And humble be and none deride!

For all the faiths of man are true :
Not one is false, not one whereon
He hath not in his mercy shone!
I bow to all faiths, old and new!

And where my brothers meet to pray,
I, too, bow down in rev'rence deep :
In temple, mosque and church I weep,
In joy or grief : each is a way

To Him whom none doth fully know :
We are as infants in the night :
We all do cry for Light, more Light!
We all need in His Grace to grow!

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KURUKSHETRA : A VISION

Duryodhana :—
It is high time, father! to fight the Pāndavas.

Dhritarāshtra :—
Why, my beloved boy? They are cousins, and very virtuous in their lives.

Duryodhana :—
Cousins, yes.
But returning from their long exile,
They claim a share in our sovereignty:
They forget their humiliation and grow proud.

Dhritarāshtra :—
In humiliation,—yet mighty!
How may you hope to fight
And win against *dharma?*

Duryodhana :—
Against *dharma* have I rebelled!
Mighty are the Pandavas,—mighty in *dharma:*
But mightier than *dharma* is *tapasyā*.
By the power of *brahmacharya*
The gods were conquered.
And Bhishma is a *bāl-brahmachāri:*
He leads our armies:
He will lead them on to victory.
The Pāndavas fight under Arjuna's flag:
And Arjuna is uncertain, impetuous, young,
As Bhishma is self-controlled, wise, and venerable.

Dhritarāshtra :—
You forget, my son, that behind Arjuna stands Sri Krishna.

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Duryodhana :—
O, Krishna the Car-driver,
Krishna the Charioteer,
What can Krishna do?
And you forget he has promised to be neutral:
He will not fight.

Dhritarāshtra :—
Yes, weaponless will Krishna be:
Weaponless and, therefore, all the more irresistible.

Duryodhana :—
Father, I understand thee not!

Dhritarāshtra :—
Great is Bhishma,
But Krishna is greater!
Bhishma is a *brahmachāri:*
Krishna is Love Divine!
And mightier than *tapas* is Love.

Duryodhana :—
If Krishna is Love, why stands he against us?

Dhritarāshtra :—
Love is not soft sentimentalism:
Love is mighty to conquer!
Did not Krishna conquer Kamsa?
For Kamsa's own good?
Love is Vishnu. Love, too, is Shiva!
Love is the Flute. Love, too, is *Shankha,*—
The conch-shell blown on the battlefield!
Krishna would conquer thee,—for thine own good,—

If thou wouldst stand against *dharma.*

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Duryodhana :—
A rebel am I, a born rebel!
Let me be slain : I care not!
But Pāndavas must be pulled down!
They stand for the old morality,—of *dharma*.
The old must go!
The sovereignty is mine:
I will not surrender it in the name of *dharma* :
For *dharma* is begotten of fear,—fear of gods.
I proclaim the new morality of revolt.
All fear must go,—even the fear of gods.
Cheerfully shall I die,—
A sacrifice to the new ideal!
It will be nourished by every new sacrifice,
Until it grows irresistible,
And the gods are dethroned!

Dhritarāshtra :—
Alas! thou speakest what thou knowest not of!
Krishna still will conquer!

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NEWS AND NOTES

Shanti Vidya Mandir :— On the occasion of the first anniversary of Sister Shanti, spiritual child of Beloved Dada (Sri T. L. Vaswani), a new educational institution was started at Sadhu Vaswani Nagar, Ganeshkhind, Poona. The institution is named after Sister Shanti and is called "Shanti Vidya Mandir." It is a department of St. Mira's Education Board and, like other St. Mira's Schools, will strive to be a centre of that true education which blends knowledge with qualities of character and both with the spirit of service of the poor and broken ones.

The opening ceremony of the "Shanti Vidya Mandir" was held in a tastefully decorated *shāmiāna*, erected for the purpose. The function began with kindling of the sacred *havan* fire and recitations from world-scriptures.

The "Shanti Vidya Mandir" has begun with a Kindergarten class and will be developed gradually into a Primary School and, in due course, into a full-fledged High School.

The "Shanti Vidya Mandir" has been housed in a spacious building called "Harchu Nivas," which has been built in the sacred memory of beloved Dada's gifted nephew, Dr. H. P. Vaswani, the young, brilliant Engineer, who lost his life while helping labourers. The Building has been given rent-free by Dr. Vaswani's mother, Mrs. Krishna P. Vaswani, for the use of the "Shanti Vidya Mandir."

The new institution has attracted children belonging to different communities and nationalities. So may the teaching of new education spread far and wide !

Dr. H. P. Vaswani Memorial Scholarships :— In sacred memory of Dr. H. P. Vaswani, his mother, Mrs. Krishna P. Vaswani, has created an endowment of Rs. 50,000/-, the interest on which is being spent in giving financial assistance, scholarships and costly books to deserving students in Medical and Engineering Colleges. So far 40 students have received help from the " Dr. H. P. Vaswani Memorial Fund."

For particulars in regard to the scholarships, kindly contact Miss H. P. Vaswani, Mira Nagar, 10 Sadhu Vaswani Path, Poona–1.

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Janmashtami :— The sacred Janmashtami, the birth-day of Lord Sri Krishna, was celebrated here with great enthusiasm. The programme, which commenced on Tuesday (August 10) came to a close on Friday (August 13). Salient features of the programme were *Krishna Lilā*,—moving scenes from the life of the Lord and His *bhaktas* (devotees), enacted on the stage by students of the Mira Schools; Childrens' Gatherings at which over 2,000 students were given "surprise" packets containing small gifts; Gita-recitation competitions; speeches of students on the life and teaching of the Lord; *Pāth* of *Nuri Granth*, Beloved Dada's *bāni*.

On the Janmashthami Day (Friday, August 13), the Janmashthami *Yagna* was held at which about two thousand poor people were fed. Vegetables, packets of tea, sugar, and soap cakes were distributed among about three hundred needy, *sufed posh* sisters.

The celebrations came to a close with a vigil. Beloved Dada's moving *upadesh* was played on the recorder. Beloved Dada said :— "The message which the Lord gave, in the long ago, may save civilisation again. It is a message which declares:— Life is love ! Love ye one another !"

Rākhi Bandhan Day :— The *Rakhi Bandhan* Day was celebrated with rich enthusiasm on August 6. Hundreds of sisters and several brothers gathered round Beloved Dada's Statue and tied *rākhis* round his uplifted arm pointing heavenwards, as they sang a simple tune :— "Accept this rākhi, Master! and take care of us here and hereafter!' The sight was wonderful to behold.

The poor were fed on the *Rākhi Bandhan* Day and fruits were distributed among poor patients at the Sasoon Hospital.

Guru Purnimā Day :— On the occasion of the sacred Guru Purnimā Day (July 8), a seemingly endless procession of students wended its way to the "Gita Bhavan,"—every student holding in his hand a lighted *agarbati*, which he placed at the lotus-feet of Beloved Dada.

At the evening *satsang*, at the conclusion of Beloved Dada's soul-stirring *upadesh*, sisters and brothers.,—about 200 of them,—came and placed their humble offerings of bed-sheets at the lotus-feet of Beloved Dada. The bed-sheets were sent to needy, *sufed-posh* families.

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Shānti Yagna:—Every month, on the (bright) *ekādasi*, a *yagna* is held in memory of sister Shanti. An important item in the programme is service of the poor. On the Shanti Yagna day held on June 4, poor students were given text-books, note-books, etc. In the month of July (4th July), rain-coats were distributed among about 200 poor students who used to come to the Schools in the season of rains without the protection of a rain coat. On the Shanti Yagna Day in August (August 2), cloth, packet of rice and help in cash were given to about 300 needy *sufed-posh* sisters.

Dada Yagna Day :—Beloved Dādā's *Yagna* was celebrated with devotion and enthusiasm on August 16 with a three-days' programme (August 14-16). The programme included *akhand pāth* (continuous, unbroken recitation for sixty hours) of *Guru Granth Sāhib*, Dādā Darshan (pictures from Beloved Dada's life on the screen), *satsang*, *nām-kirtan* (chanting of the Holy Name), meditation at Beloved Dada's *Samādhi*, and feeding of the poor.

On August 16, over two thousand poor people were fed and plantains were distributed among them. Packets of tea, sugar, potatoes, onions, and match-boxes were distributed among needy sisters.

Kumari Neni H. Makhijāni :—Kumari Neni, an elder sister of Sister Shanti, passed away at the age of 71, at Bombay, on July 24. A party of brothers and sisters went from Poona to attend the last rites. Kumari Neni was a devotee of Beloved Dada. Her heart was a home of longing and love,—longing for the Lord and love for all who suffer and are in pain. She served the poor in the measure of her strength. She revered the saints of every faith and aspired to live in accord with the Will Divine.

The mortal remains of her body were brought to Beloved Dada's sacred *Samadhi* at Poona and, after worship and prayers, were immersed at the Sangam, amidst the chanting of the *kirtan*-song :—"*Om Hare Krishna Hare Ram, Dādā Shyām Dādā Shyām*!"

May the soul of the dear, departed one rest at the lotus-feet of Beloved Dada and in the company of Sister Shanti whom she loved with a beautiful, tender love!

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SRI KRISHNA:
The Master of the Mystic Flute

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